

Marci Gets Her Elk

Jack had been a hunter all his life and every Fall went to bag an elk for his freezer. He usually went with one or more of his sons or his buddies and had a great time every year, even if he didn't bag an elk.

After the kids left home he continued to hunt with his buddies, but his wife would occasionally ask if she could go with him. He told her that hunting was a man's sport and she wouldn't appreciate all the blood and gore when they had to gut the elk and pack it out in quarters. She said she could deal with that and just wanted to spend more time with. After all, they weren't getting any younger, you know, she would say. Each year she became more insistent, so one year, when none of his buddies were able to go with him, he finally relented and agreed for her to come.

It was a beautiful Fall day, the air was crisp, and there wasn't a cloud in the sky. They got an early start and arrived at his favorite hunting location in a meadow between a grove of trees and a creek near a path the herd would take for water.

They watched and waited for a couple of hours, but no elk appeared. Jack told Marci that the elk must have spent the night in a different location, so they'd have to walk in search of the herd grazing in a meadow somewhere else. So, they marched through the forest skirting meadows and along various trails he knew.

"No luck," he said. "They must have moved farther down the mountain than I had anticipated and are more scattered. I tell you what, Marci, why don't we split up. Maybe we'll be able to cover more territory if we hunt separately for a while."

"I guess so. But what do I do if I see an elk?" she said.

"Well, just shot it and I'll run in the direction of the shot and find you. If you hear a shot from my general direction, you come and find me, OK? "

Marci replied somewhat uncertainly, "Alright, but I'm not going to go too far," as she headed off in the direction he indicated.

Jack turned and started walking in a direction about 45 degrees from the direction Marci had headed. He had been walking for about 5 minutes when he heard a high-power rifle from the direction Marci had gone, "Blam, Blam, ..., Blam."

Jack thought, "Oh, my gosh. She's got an elk already. That was quick!" He scrambled through some brush, jumped over a few logs, and rushed between two large bushes before stepping out into a clearing. There stood his wife, her rifle at the ready, and a hunter with his hands outstretched, beside a dead horse, pleading, "OK lady, you can keep your elk, but, just let me get my saddle off him! "